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of a man whose captain reports that from January to June he was in the hospital, suffering from alcoholic troubles. And now he is dragged into court, accused of robbing a drunken man.

NOT "ONE MAN" DEFLECTIONS.

It doesn't require the view of an opposing partisan to perceive the hollowness of the Republican cry that the defection of a man like Judge Graham, or like Wayne MacVeagh, or like Judge Cooley, means merely "the loss of one man's vote." Each of these men has been recognized as a leader by the party which all three of them have now left. To call a man a leader is to recognize that he has a following. Therefore, the Republicans themselves have acknowledged that Graham, MacVeagh and Cooley have followers, and in this acknowledgment their "one man's vote" assertion is sufficiently contradicted.

The truth is, as fair-minded Republicans know and say, that the three defections prominently brought to notice within the last few days are those of men who count not merely three individual votes, but enough to afford the subject very serious consideration by the party they have abandoned. Their following as party leaders was too strong to admit of a doubt that they carry a large section of it with them in their change of political allegiance.

COLUMBIA AS A UNIVERSITY.

Brief editorial reference was made yesterday to the gratifying showing made by Columbia College at the beginning of its new year as regards the number of students on its rolls and the diversity of States and nations represented in its student-body. It ought not to need many words to show why this subject should be of an overwhelming importance to the men and women of this city who have in their power to give a new and vigorous impulse to the growth of the old college into the great university which it might and should become.

Columbia College is closely identified with New York City. With the development of its best possibilities will come to the metropolis more and more of a realization of those dreams of supremacy in letters and arts and the sciences which every thinking Gothamite indulges in a supremacy to complement and round out the high standing of a city already superb in those things which pertain to commerce and material living. The city's wealth should be proud and eager to help on this development and the consequent series of realizations. And the opportunity is a very open one, now that Columbia is to have a new site, with room for its expansion in all directions.

Harvard and Yale and Cornell and Princeton and the new University of Chicago and other institutions of learning, the pride of their localities and of the nation, receive their millions every year in splendid gifts from here, there and everywhere. Columbia might get its millions right from its home, and they would be put to grand use. Strong among the chief beneficiaries of learning and of their own city will rank those New Yorkers who rise to the height of this opportunity.

Railroads doing business in connection with the World's Fair have formed a nice little trust. They charge full rates for shipping goods intended for exhibition, with the understanding that they can be returned free. As most of the goods will be sold at the Fair this generous offer has a large string attached.

What kind of a stable was that in which fifty-two horses could be penned and tortured to death by fire? Again it seems necessary to remark that building inspectors should not confine their attention entirely to structures in which human lives only may be imperiled by flames.

Men like WAYNE MACVEAGH, Judge GREENHAM and Judge COOLEY do not desert a party without a reason. They are accustomed to weigh matters carefully before taking decisive steps. This is why their defection from the Republican ranks is an event of special weight.



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

Simply Awful

Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

Completely Cured by HODG'S BARN.

PATENT.

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctor cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the right eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was incurable."

Worst Case of Scrofula

they ever saw. It was simply awful. Five years ago I began to take Hodg's Barn. Gradually I found that the sore was beginning to heal. I kept on until I had taken ten bottles, and then I was cured. I am now perfectly well. Yes, I am now perfectly well. For the last 4 years I have had no more of it.

Work all the Time.

Before, I could do no work. I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hodg's Barn. It is a perfect cure. G. W. TURNER, Farmer, Delaware, Saratoga County, N. Y.

HODG'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. No

WORLD'S FAIR. It is not weak, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. No

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CHAT OF THE STAGE WORLD.

Louise Beaudet May Head a Company of Her Own.

A Cruel English Critic Denounces Mrs. Langtry's Dresses.

Little Miss Louise Beaudet, who sings the leading female role in "Puritan" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre and interprets "A Maiden's Art" and "My Mother Said 'Don't'" so charmingly, is not going on the road with the Pauline Hall Company. On the morning following the first performance of "Puritan" the knowing ones said that Miss Beaudet would get her two weeks' notice for daring to make such a hit. This she did not get, however. Miss Beaudet declares that Miss Hall is a charming and an amiable woman, but she does not say as much for Miss Hall's husband, Mr. McNeill. She will leave the company at the close of the New York engagement, nominally because Mr. McNeill refuses to give her the salary that she asks for "the road." Miss Beaudet may possibly have a company of her own, as she has already had an offer from a prominent manager in this city to occupy his theatre, provided that she can offer an acceptable comic opera. Nothing definite has yet been decided upon. Miss Beaudet is a little afraid to accept the offer, because she thinks folks will imagine that she has a "swelled head." The little lady is one of the very, very few artists who are not convinced of their own greatness.

A cruel English critic declares that Mrs. Langtry's dresses used in her latest play at the Haymarket, London, are not successful. They must be a trifle gaudy. With one she wears diamonds valued at £20,000, the next being worth £30,000. There are detectives in the front of the theatre and behind the scenes while Langtry wears these gauds.

The Kendals not only adorn their rooms with American flags and good ecstasies about dear America, but they patronize American goods in London. They have just bought a play called "The Silver Ship" from Henry J. Dam, a young American journalist in London. How Mrs. Kendal will ever be able to utter such a name as Dam is not easy to imagine.

Miss Fanny Davenport has just purchased a house in the suburbs of Boston, and will probably look upon the hubbub hereafter as her home. Miss Davenport kept her manager, Ben Stern, pretty busy yesterday. Mr. Stern says that he is longing for the return of his partner, Marcus May, who is due in this city today.

It has been discovered that the dress used in the serpentine dance is a revival of the dress of the Greeks, slightly altered into a more convenient style.

Poor little Miss Lotta, it was said yesterday, will now probably have to cancel her entire season, instead of the eight weeks that she had at first hoped to do. It is all the time necessary for her recovery. The little lady underwent an operation for a species of tumor. The operation was entirely successful, and her doctor says that she will never have to return to the theatre. It is a pity, however, for her to dance and perform as she had been accustomed to do. Miss Lotta is very young, and she really is, she declares that she would sooner die than undergo another operation.

Ethel Black and Wallie Edinger, the loving children who are now playing in "Love's Young Dream" in Brooklyn, had a lively time of it at rehearsal. Wallie positively declined to let Ethel, thinking that such a proceeding was unwarranted. She is a lovely girl, for the effect of the piece, he was induced to waive his scruples at the performer, and on Monday night she will be seen as Ethel in the play.

Mr. Potter and Kyrie Bell have not been able to secure their New York contract. It has been as though the two had been hit by a bolt of lightning. This is inexpressibly sad. Their play, "A Heroine's Heart," is a beautiful thing, and they are said to be doing a good business on account of the excessive demand for the piece has received.

A. M. Palmer is to produce a play called "The Vase" this season. It is the work of Joseph Jackson and the late James Albery, and is a dramatization of Mr. Hutton's novel, "A Queen of Bohemia."

James A. Herne, the actor and playwright, is making a number of changes in the melodrama called "The White Squadron." It needs all the changes that Mr. Herne and his dozen others can suggest.

Buffalo Bill is to sail for this country on the 12th inst. He has just positively announced that he will never return to Europe. He is to bring back with him his son, a son of his, and he is said to be doing a good business on account of the excessive demand for the piece has received.

The Columbus souvenirs given to the ladies at Nibbs in the night were dainty little silver bouquets. None will be presented this afternoon and evening.

Alexander Hume Ford, the Southern dramatist, has written a strong play in his latest "Prisoners of the Night." It is a tragedy, the fault of which is Brooklyn.

A Wearing Life.

The lord of the manor slept, although the baby had the cold and was in no wise disposed to suffer in silence, says the Detroit Tribune.

"Wah-oop-oop-oop" wailed the infant.

Distracted at the child's distress the mother rushed wildly to the cradle.

"Hush-hush, hush-hush," cooed she.

"Hush-hush, hush-hush," wailed the lord of the manor.

The woman made ten quick laps around the room, danced the suffering child vigorously and performed a great variety of exhaustive antics popularly supposed to make young children forget their troubles.

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